

## LEGACY

Gina R. E. Zellmer

(To my father, who unknowingly calls me "Bastard").

I have yet to see you . . .  
though I see with your eyes.

Nor, have I ever loved you,  
though I feel a strong maddening surge  
within me . . .  
which must be love.

There have never been words between us,  
and I wonder . . .  
will there ever be  
with the father who calls his own child . . .  
"Bastard"?

Dear father, my heart grins at you,  
at one that knows no love . . .  
no companion . . .

I am but a single angel sent from Heaven,  
to weep but one tear of sorrow . . .

on your grave.